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Replete with Morals, Hiſt'ry, News & Wit.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1800.

The Remonſtrance of John Bull.

Mr. Editor,

GRATIFIED by the glorious ſucceſſes which have recently diſtinguiſhed my brave people, and ſo nobly made up to me the ſuppoſed deficiencies attributed to thoſe who only waited for an opportunity effectually to defeat a daring but deceived enemy; I have now leiſure to look into matters of a more triſling import, and wiſh to find my native language reſtored to its original dignity, which of late, through affectation, or perhaps a more blam able motive, is not only degenerated from its bold and nervous expreſſion but is confeſſedly injured enough to owe ſome of its meanings to the aſſiſtance of one that is foreign, puerile, and inconſequential, compared to mine: nor do I feel ſatisfied, while owing a ſenſe of obligation to a race who are attempting, *yet, ah, how vain!* to ſubvert my government, and annihilate the very exiſtence of John Bull. It is well known, and generally acknowledged, that my epithets, idioms, &c. are complete in their ſignifications; nay, that the Engliſh tongue although it cannot boaſt the melody of the Italian, yields the palm to none, for energy and extenſiveneſs. Why, then, the unneceſſary hindrance (for, I am ſure, they are not helps to us) of French terms?—and why may not *etiquette, denouément, ecclairciſſement, ton,* and many others, reſign up their claim to puzzle the plain and unlearned. It is true, ſome authors are kind enough, when they give half pages of their favorite language, to refer us to a note below for a tranſlation; and this equally proves their learning and good nature, and our ignorance. I never view this tinſel dreſs of my own plain and unadorned tongue, but it reminds me of an ancient Briton, ſtruggling under the impoſition of a tawdry French garment, ſuch, at leaſt, as was worn before ſlovenlineſs uſurped the place of *finery.*

A few words more upon innovations of another deſcription, which yet more nearly concerns John Bull, as they originate with my own deſcendants, who ought to be ſatisfied with a language rendered famous by the writers of our country. I am not adverting to the vocabulary of the very vulgar; though, when I hear of one being the *rage*, the *tippy*, and *quizical*, I find no reaſon to praiſe the delicacy of ſuch expreſſions; nor are the terms *bore, row,* &c. to be quoted as examples of purity, even of idea. With impatience does John Bull look forward to that period, when affected vulgariſms ſhall be totally adoliſhed, and when the elegant examples of my ſons of harmony, *Milton, Pope, Thomſon,* and all the glorious train of Britiſh authors ſhall be copied by thoſe who are at preſent contented to render themſelves ridiculous, by being incomprehenſible, and their works become once again the ſtandard of oratorical excellence.

John Bull.

CATHARINE the firſt conſort to Peter the Great, though raiſed from the loweſt ſtate of humble life, to the very pinnacle of earthly grandeur, was as famous for her addreſs and politeneſs, as if ſhe had been tutored within the precincts of a court, or educated in the ſplendid apartments of a palace; and it was by the ſweet conciliation of her manners that ſhe acquired an aſcendency even over the turbulent ſpirit of her husband, who, until his union with her, ſuffered his paſſions to controul his judgment, ſubvert his reaſon, and even caſt a ſhade over his greateſt actions.

MARY, Queen of Scotland, whoſe vices were of too flagrant a nature to admit of palliation, or receive defence, would have been univerſally deſpiſed, had ſhe poſſeſſed either an arrogant or an overbearing ſpirit; but the affability of her addreſs, and the benignity of her manners, ſecured the affections in oppoſition to the judgment; and thoſe who condemned, were inclined to compaſſionate; and thoſe who blamed were led to pity.

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page* 115.]

"TELL your master," said Mr. Freeman to the servant, as soon as he had read the note, "tell him that—No—wait a few moments, my friend; I think it will be better to write; there can be no mistakes. Here, Thomas, give the servant some refreshment."

In a few minutes Mr. Freeman sent out the following answer:

"*To Mr. Juskin,*

"*Sir,*

"You will inform his grace, that Mr. Freeman will certainly desist from sporting until he has qualified himself, and taken out his certificate: this Mr. Freeman will be able to do by the next season."

In the following spring, which completed the second year of Jack's residence at St. Donats, Captain Willis came to prepare him for the sea service. After common enquiries had passed, "Do you know, Freeman," said the Captain, "that if poor Nelly had lived this estate had been her's."—"Indeed! by what means?"—"By the mother's side, who was a Gwin; the male branch has entirely failed. Nelly's mother was the eldest daughter; the second married Sir John Morgan, and his son, the present owner, I am very intimately acquainted with. You know he is a true sailor?"

"Yes—an honor to the British navy. Has he any tho'ts (can you tell) of coming to visit his estate?"

"He intends being here next week, and I return with him to town; in the mean time I am your guest, and we'll trim his hares wit the spaniels. Jack is grown a fine fellow; we shall soon be better acquainted. With your permission he shall have a holiday, and accompany us tomorrow." Captain Willis's remark of the spaniels brought the story of the Duke whom the captain, without scruple, called an ungentlemanly mean spirited fellow. "But—what do you mean to do? How can you qualify yourself, Freeman? Do it or not, I'll ensure you the Deputation of this manor."—"I must do," replied Freeman, "a very unpleasant thing; but do it I will. I mean taking my D. D. degree; that is a qualification: a certificate I take out of course." The business of sporting was soon settled to Freeman's satisfaction.

Sir J. Morgan came the following week, and, on hearing the account, not only presented Mr. Freeman with the deputation, but gave him an uncontrouled command over his manors, the castle and grounds. Mr. Freeman's friends spent a very pleasant week with him. Captain Willis promised to take Jack after his next cruize; and they parted all parties mutually pleased with one another.—Young Smith, when he left home began to think more seriously of the situation of life which he seemed thus destined to: he liked captain Willis much, but he had neither the easy manners nor lively spirits of Major Grey, nor the general information, clear sense, and comprehensive knowledge of his clerical patron. The jolly open temper of Captain Willis, was captivating to the boy; but the mind of our young hero began to open, and he could not fail drawing the contrast between the one and the other.—Captain Willis was generally the same, but Freeman had always something new. When he spent a few hours with Captain Willis, nothing ever passed that brought a pleasing reflection to his mind; but every minute with Freeman teemed with some expression, some thought, some remark that not only pleased but benefitted the hearer. The dye was cast; he had no intention of going from it; he knew it was not his place to chuse, but his duty to obey: and though he felt no desire for a sea-faring life, he determined his good friends should never know it was otherwise than the first wish of his heart. In the autumn two letters came from Captain Willis, one to Jack, the other to Mr. Freeman, who, the day before, had returned from Oxford. Jack with an eager curiosity, opened his;—it began

'Dear Jack,

'It's all over; I'm taken: therefore you had better go to Oxford and turn parson. I find the rascals won't release me till the end of the war; but I'll be answerable for fifty pounds a year to bear a hand at college, and have written to my steward for that purpose. Mind what Freeman says, and you'll be sure to turn out well.

'*Your sincere friend,*

'ANTHONY WILLIS.'

The letter to Freeman was to the same purpose, somewhat longer, saying—he went himself like a fool to watch the enemy in an open boat, and had been easily caught, unable to make the least resistance. Poor Jack wiped a tear as he ended his, more for the misfortune of his friend than for his own loss. Freeman exclaimed. 'He is a generous noble soul; and I trust, Smith, you will take care to be worthy his notice.' Then pausing a few minutes he added, 'What think you of the University?'—'Whatever, sir,' replied Jack, 'you and my other friends think proper, I will willingly and gratefully accede to; but as you have asked my opinion, sir, I beg leave to say, a college education is what I have always been ambitious of since I have heard you speak so highly in its favor' It is no wonder that Jack's young mind was desirous of going to the University; he had always considered it as the grand desideratum of learning, both from his preceptor and Mr. Freeman; and whenever the sea scheme had introduced itself upon him he suppressed a sigh that he was not first to go to Oxford: so strong was the information and learning, which Mr. Freeman's care had implanted in his mind. Besides, if there was a weak side in the character of Mr. Freeman, it was the very high respect in which he held an University education. 'He has never been to college,' was a common expression with him when he meant to stigmatize any one for want of liberality, for incivility, or any kind of ignorance. As an instance of this shade in his character:—after he had received his grace's letter concerning the game, and had retired into the parlour, almost mechanically, he uttered, 'His grace, I believe, went to France, when he ought to have been at college;' and 'I remember him very well at Oxford,' or 'I remember his name at the University,' was as constantly intended as a tribute of praise. No wonder then that young Smith, who looked upon Freeman as the most perfect character, warmly embraced the same ideas; no wonder they were both rather pleased at the change; and as Captain Willis was well and safe, they had no reason on his account, to indulge in any melancholy ideas. Jack was at present too young to think of going yet; and besides, he had a great deal more to learn before he would be perfectly qualified to enter. Mr. Freeman informed Smith, that in about two years, if he applied himself to his learning, he would be a proper age; and the one hundred pounds, due from the kindness of Captain Willis, would pay the first expences. Smith applied with redoubled diligence; and Mr.

Freeman imperceptibly became his chief tutor; and the long evenings of the winter months were generally passed in reading the classics with that gentleman.

continued 130

SCHABRACO.

A ROMANCE.

[*Continued from page* 118.]

THE distance from Schabraco's dwelling prevented all suspicion of its originating from any subterranean apartment; and the ground beneath him was of a texture totally unfavorable to the supposition of any rocky caverns, as it was soft and rich; too remote from the shore for any communication with its indented cliffs. While perplexed to a degree even superior to the terrors of the past night, Rinaldo again heard music; it passed on the air; and to his situation, when the first strains caught his ear, he attributed the notion of its being beneath him. However, to wait for any further elucidation was useless, and he slowly pursued a path which brought him to a part of the shore much nearer Messina. The straights opened in front, but no boats came within call; and Rinaldo rested on a stone patiently, hoping the arrival of several which he saw advancing. While thus employed he was alarmed by the paddling of oars, to the left of the projection which concealed whatever might be the cause; and in a few minutes he was gratified by a sight of his own boatmen, who, on being hailed, directly made for the shore. From them he learnt, that, after waiting two hours beyond the time prescribed, they rowed to a sheltered cave, fastened their small vessel, and slept till the sun awakened them.

It was lucky for Rinaldo, that the land tended so as to make that part of the shore convenient for crossing, and he stepped on board with a grateful heart, while new surmises, respecting the invisible music, occupied his mind — To account for an absence, so unexpected was Rinaldo's next business. Count Piozzi had that morning arrived at a villa, where his son was received. More vexed than alarmed at an incident not uncommon, he received the confused enterpriser with a countenance of severity. Rinaldo's sentiments, unfortunately, were reflected in his features; they spoke a mystery which his words denied. The Count saw their confutation in an ingenuous blush, and the alarm became serious: his eyes were rivetted on the poor youth, who could scarcely bear a scrutiny so terrible. It was evening, and in a public promenade, when Rinaldo was thus situated. He would have drawn from his father's arm the hand he had just passed through it; and starting suddenly back, fixed a wild and horrific look upon a figure who glided by them. The Count's astonishment encreased; there was something so strange in this perplexity, so suspicious in the fearful attention of Rinaldo to the stranger's steps, that his father determined if possible, to force an explanation of this extraordinary business. 'You know something of that person, I presume, Rinaldo?' cried he. 'That person!' 'Yes, him who is just now leaving the place.' 'The place!' 'Amazing! What means this absence? Do you recollect with whom you are trifling?' 'Pardon me, my lord, my ideas are so confused!' Schabraco, for it was him, again returned; and passing at that moment, glanced a look of such stern import at the youth, as once more deranged even his speech.

The Count was almost tempted to seize the cause of his son's incoherence, but Schabraco was gone, and Rinaldo gazing after him exclaimed—'I am bound, fatally bound, by a promise, which, even now is, in some measure, violated. Pity my agitation, and let it suffice, that curiosity has led me into a dangerous, and awful dilemma. My lord, I can say no more.' 'I understand you, Rinaldo; the Segnior who has occasioned your confusion by some unknown art, obtains an undue power over you.' So saying he rushed towards the spot from whence Schabraco retreated, but in vain, and he returned to his trembling son, with a countenance exhibiting marks of half concealed agony. He saw the struggle of Rinaldo's soul, and while he could not condemn the dictates of that integrity he had ever encouraged, felt determined to watch his steps, hoping to gain by that means the intelligence essential to his peace.

As several days were now elapsed, during which Rinaldo had not exhibited the smallest inclination to quit his usual pursuits, the desire of Count Piozzi to develope this mystery gradually declined. He saw the youth apparently free from any anxiety, but that originating in his regret to quit Messina, and Sicilian honor would not permit him to tamper with Rinaldo's. Matters were thus situated, when the Count's wishes were again inflamed, and every painful suspicion revived, by the appearance of two obscure looking men in conversation with his son. They were on the quay, and by their motions appeared to be making some arrangements for a voyage; now looking down the straits, and now pointing to a boat which was fastened near them. Eager to understand the subject of their discourse, though unwilling to be observed, he resolved to watch the men, he now began to imagine were, in some degree, connected with the object of his uneasiness, and waited with considerable impatience for their separation, which was no sooner effected, than he cautiously followed one, who seemed to be dispatched, as if with a message.

From him the Count, by proper management, obtained a full explanation of Rinaldo's conduct; as much of it as belonged to his visit to the Calabrian coast, his discovery of Schabraco's residence, and his return with them on the following morning; confessing himself, also to be one of the men who had conveyed him thither.

With every advantage superior years and wisdom could give, Count Piozzi possessed also discrimination; and added to all, had a secret yet unaccountable, presentiment of evil respecting this Schabraco, which he could neither fully admit or discharge. Impelled, therefore, by a very rational desire to come at the motive for such an extraordinary secrecy, he ventured to engage this man, with his fellows to do the same office for him that they had before executed for Rinaldo, whose business, frankly owned, was to settle some additional demand for the trouble they met with during that night, which had damaged their boat.—Satisfied with this explanation, the Count proceeded to a proper arrangement of his intended expedition. Segnior Mercutio, a man of talents and probity, readily engaged to accompany him.

Ever distinguished for an ardent spirit, which in some instances, might be denominated daring, he was suitably contrasted by Piozzi, who, with equal intrepidity, felt no want of critical courage.

It was thought impolitic to demand assistance of the police, as there was no certainty of its being at all necessary; and with the closing evening, our gallant pair set out for the Calabrian coast, accompanied only by their boatmen; who were ordered to wait for them at the little cove near which they had been discovered by Rinaldo. As this enterprize was carefully concealed from him, it made their intended excursion more difficult, and less certain of success; for none of the company could tell the path to Schabraco's residence from the place of landing, and Piozzi chose not to advance further through the straits, lest they should be endangered by the effects of a storm, which hung above the eastern horizon, and had already roused the rippling waves, that began to roll in irregular succession. At the suggestion of Marco they sought a secure situation for their boat, and jumping on shore, left the men to provide for their own shelter, while they proceeded on this hazardous journey.

The astonishing perseverance of Piozzi, evinced on an occasion so inexplicable to Mercutio, induced that gentleman, while descending the first eminence, to express a laudable curiosity to know his motives for such exertions.

'I will tell you, my friend,' he replied, 'as much, at least, of my inducements, as may countenance my present eagerness to explore this extraordinary business. The person of Schabraco is not wholly unknown to me. The dark and lowering aspect; the ill conceived malignancy of his sullen eye; that piercing, yet shy glance, which marked his notice of my son, apparently belong to a man, who, many years since, was amenable to the laws for an attrocious act. I was in a court of justice, when he was brought forward to answer a terrible charge. I heard his artful defence, I beheld his stern, collected attitude; a countenance expressible of what I have now described, and a figure the very counterpart of Schabraco's. Should he indeed be released to curse mankind by similar practices, I will exterminate the villain from a world he has so long disgraced. Oh, my friend, to him—to him, I owe the death of my angelic Leonora! To his monstrous impiety the peace of a happy family is sacrificed! More than this I cannot say, lest in Schabraco his person should not be identified. Indeed, my chiefest doubt arises from his daring to frequent the haunts of mankind, as well as from the certainty I once encouraged, that crimes so vast as his, and so fully proved, could never escape condign punishment. A severe illness which detained me at Florence, prevented the satisfaction I sought of his conviction. It commenced on the second day of his trial, owing to some yet undecided cause, and when I recovered, neither culprit nor witnesses were to be ascertained or discovered.—No minutes of the event could be procured. I had but few friends in that city, and from those few I could obtain no information; but they unanimously joined in advising me to leave that part of Italy. Syracuse had its attraction, and I hastened thither. In a future hour you shall know the whole of——'

The Count's obscure hints were suddenly interrupted by an awful burst of thunder. It bellowed among the mountains with reiterated strength. The valley before them wrapt in obscurity, relieved only by successive flashes, which served but to render the scene more horrible. No trace of Schabraco's asylum could be discerned: all was gloomy, desolate, and unpropitious. To descend the path before them promised no hope. They stopped, and in an interval of the storm, Mercutio looking up, pointed out to Piozzi a sulphurous track, which arising from the south-east, poured a prodigious column of smoke, in a horizontal direction, along the upper grounds. It had a tremendous appearance, and served rather to confuse than elucidate their path.

'Surely,' cried the Count, 'that cannot proceed from Ætna?'

'Undoubtedly not, my friend, from such a distance it must be impossible.'

While they were puzzled to ascertain its cause, the light which it emitted became somewhat clearer, and Mercutio suddenly exclaimed—'I see an edifice to the right of us.' 'And that must be Schabraco's,' rejoined the Count. 'The storm abates, yonder flame which I now perceive to arise from some vast trees, fired as is most likely by the lightning, will guide us. Come on my intrepid friend; my heart beats high; I have a presentiment that some strange event is at hand. Certainly, it will now be in my power to exonerate Rinaldo from the burthen of retention.'

(To be continued.) To page 133

ON *TASTE*.

——————Who, but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?

AKENSIDE.

I WOULD not be understood to give a preference to the taste for minute beauties, in opposition to the magnificent and sublime. All I contend for is, that in the admiration of the former, there is nothing derogatory of the greatest genius; and that a truly comprehensive mind is that which can embrace

'All forms, the vast, and the minute.'

It is possible to look at littleness, and to pore upon the specks by which we are immediately surrounded, until our powers of vision become so contracted, that we cannot take in large, nor discern distant objects. The woodman finds the same difficulty in holding a penknife that attends the courtier who would grasp an axe. You see then, my lady, that it is much easier to apply the scope of our intellect to any particular pursuit, than to comprehend with equal facility, and feel with equal poignancy, the various kinds of excellence which every department of the Universe exhibits. Thus we have great *botanists*, great *mathematicians*, &c. but rarely great *men*. The botanist is apt to drill the vegetable world into ranks, till he forgets the charms of the picturesque; and the profound mathematician is commonly dead to every thing which cannot be ascertained by lines and figures. A genius capacious enough to enjoy every taste, and every science, never existed: he who aims at it must, in many respects, be superficial in his attentions; yet he enjoys as much pleasure, and may be as useful, as he who devotes all his researches to one object. The latter, however, is desirable for those who are to seek emolument for their studies, and indeed, the mind of man is so apt to take this easier bent, that the contrary is a danger from which the adventurer scarcely need be warned. When first we survey treasures of science, and revel amid the charms of taste, we rove, delighted with the novelties, and scarcely look at one before we leave it for another. But our range has not been long, ere we re-

ſign ourſelves to ſome particular attachment; and what firſt participated our rapture, is only, and in ſome inſtances rarely, our recreation—the charm of an idle hour, or accidental meeting.

E. A.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

AS the bodies of women are of a ſofter and more delicate texture than thoſe of men, ſo their minds are generally more firmly attuned to impreſſions of compaſſion, and feelings of humanity; and whilſt they are tremblingly alive to the woes of others, they are frequently incapable of ſuſtaining their own. This refinement of feeling, and exceſs of ſoftneſs, conſtitutes at once their attraction and their miſery; and whilſt they intereſt mankind in the peculiarity of their misfortunes, by an exertion of their reaſon they probably might have averted them.

That ſoftneſs may be combined with fortitude, and tenderneſs with reſolution, female hiſtorians have moſt amply proved—but among the numberleſs inſtances which have been handed down to poſterity, none more conſpicuouſly evinces the validity of the aſſertion than the anecdotes which have been related of the amiable Octavia.—There never was a princeſs (ſays Seneca) ſo completely deſerving of uninterrupted happineſs. Yet there never was one deſtined to endure ſuch an abſolute ſucceſſion of miſery:—her misfortunes commenced with her birth, and terminated only with her exiſtence. Yet, inſtead of ſinking under the weight of her afflictions, ſhe endeavoured to riſe above them; and thoſe calamities ſhe could not avert ſhe ſuſtained with fortitude, and ſupported with reſignation! By the artful intrigues of Aggrippina, ſhe was compelled to relinquiſh her engagement with the man ſhe adored, and to receive the addreſſes of the being ſhe deſpiſed; yet, in that trying ſituation, her conduct was ſuch as inſpired veneration, and enſured eſteem. The repeated proofs of her huſband's infidelity, and the various inſtances of his inſolence and neglect, neither piqued her pride, or called forth her reſentment; and when his conduct became ſo notoriouſly abandoned, that the ſenate were reſolved to eſpouſe her cauſe, ſhe mildly declined their friendly interference, and patiently ſubmitted to every ſpecies of degradation which her inſulting tyrant could heap upon her. The charms of her perſon could only be equalled by the ſolidity of her underſtanding, which was refined by misfortune, and improved by education; and her converſation was allowed to be a mixture of ſenſe, delicacy and elegance!—Theſe exalted perfections made no impreſſion upon the inhuman heart of the abandoned Nero; who, conſidering the amiable Octavia as the only barrier to his deſire of raiſing a favorite miſtreſs to the Imperial throne, baſely reſolved upon her deſtruction.

This cruel fiat ſhe received with calmneſs, and inſtead of execrating the wretch who had occaſioned her ſuch a ſucceſſion of unheard of miſery, ſhe deſired he might be informed that ſhe was ready to *reſign* her *dignities*; but requeſted permiſſion to preſerve her life. And upon being told it was the Emperor's order ſhe ſhould die, ſhe ſubmitted with fortitude to her deſtiny, giving at once an inſtance of courage, and a proof of innocence.

The following Critique is extracted from a late Engliſh publication, and gives a very unfavourable idea of

LOVER's VOWS.

THIS performance is not entitled a comedy, but a play, and with perfect propriety; for it is throughout, more ſerious than gay, and *plays* with our grave, not with our pleaſant paſſions. We have not ſeen it repreſented; but as report ſpeaks loudly of its flattering reception, no critique of ours can much affect it; and both from its numerous claſs of female readers, and the female agency by which it comes before us in its preſent ſhape, it has ſome claim on our attention. Of the tranſlation we pretend not to judge; but the manufactory it underwent is pompouſly enough deſcribed in the ſecond paragraph of the preface. And whether the compoſition be better or worſe for the alteration, improved or deformed, they only can determine who know the original. What it has gained in point it may have loſt in ſimplicity, and we may be forgiven ſuſpecting, from innumerable precedents in the hiſtory of the Engliſh drama, that the rules by which it is faſhioned to the palate of a London audience are rather drawn from art than nature. But if the taſte of our theatres be the thermometer to that of the public, the extreme popularity of this drama is a ſtriking inſtance of our barbariſm.—What is the ſimple fact? A man of rank, of faſhion, and of property, debauches a young woman in a dependent condition, under his own paternal roof, turning her adrift on the wide world, and abandons her and the illegitimate fruit of his lawleſs indulgence to ſtarve. Nor is he rouſed from this criminal ſtate of apathy until his ſon arrives to manhood, and rendered deſperate by the famiſhing condition of his mother, for her relief, is under the neceſſity of threatening his father's life. To accommodate this monſtrous fiction to the taſte of the town, who can but obſerve what a motley group of anomalies diſfigure this ſcenic repreſentation. This great man, formed with a laudable *daſh* of ariſtocracy, according to the preſent rage, is alſo diſtinguiſhed by ſuch a quantum of gallantry as becomes his elevated ſphere in life. He has alſo juſt as much conſcience as enables him to cant and put him on a par with other faſhionable hypocrites. He is a rake, but would likewiſe be a ſaint. And the reformation of the ſtage cannot certainly be very diſtant, when its heroes and heroines are taken from the purlieus of the tabernacle. But how is this maſked Tartuffe detected and brought to account? The addreſs of the author, for this purpoſe, is a pitiful mixture of pantomime and buffoonery. His machinery employs a ruffian made penitent by compulſion; a woman as uſual, the dupe and victim of ſyſtematic treachery, atoning for loſt innocence, by infamy, want, and diſeaſe; a young man perfectly unimpeached, and unimpeachable by a ſingle crime or frailty, reduced to ſuch extremity as involves him both in robbery and parricide; a publican, in the exerciſe of an honeſt and uſeful vocation, transformed into a ſavage; and an old crazy butler, actually ſtaggering with literary inebriety, lampooning a flaſhy, unprincipled coxcomb, habituated, as he is, to lead the faſhion, and ſhine in the higheſt circles as a ſtar of the firſt magnitude. Theſe are the perſonages which conſtitute this popular drama. But what muſt their taſte be who lend their ſuffrage to ſuch a farrago, and are pleaſed with the delineations of faculties ſo ſunk and vitiated? After this let us no more hear of the purity of our taſte, or the morality of our theatres, the leſſons, either of good manners or common decency, to be drawn from that ſchool. In what in-

ſtance can the levelling ſyſtem, ſo properly and univerſally deſcried and run down, be more forcibly exemplified, than by one of patrician dignity ſtooping to the ſeduction of a poor, defenceleſs dependent, and after leaving her to miſery and miſchance for many years, thus dragooned by her ſon to make her his wife? Is not this fraught with encouragement for ſervant girls to intrigue with their maſters? Can our youth witneſs the developement of a ſtory more adapted to fire their paſſions, and ſeduce their riſing affections from the love of honeſty and truth? Have not the paths of illicit pleaſures ſufficient attractions in their own nature, without the aid of art, of talent, and of dramatic exhibition, for miſleading to irretrievable ruin both old and young? In ſhort with all our reſpect for genius, and particularly that of the accompliſhed tranſlator of this drama, we cannot help conſidering it as a deciſive proof, that our theatres are, in their very nature and conſtitution, immoral, as no production really pure, anſwer their end, and as whatever is calculated to ſucceed there, muſt for that purpoſe be more or leſs vitiated.

On the prevalent Vice of GAMING.

IT may, perhaps, be thought a narrow idea to attempt to ſet bounds to the towering ſpirit of invention; but, I muſt confeſs, that it ſeems to have reached the topmoſt round; and every ſpecies of luxury and refinement, which either our own art and ingenuity can ſuggeſt, or the moſt faithful imitation can borrow from our neighbours, hath already been adopted. We have even been ſuch apt ſcholars, that we have far excelled our maſters, and have nothing left to learn; and the wonders of our invention have ſo far ſurpaſſed every idea that we could have framed concerning the extent of its powers, that we may be ſaid to have out-done ourſelves. Nay, ſo extenſive is the encouragement that is given to every mode of expence, that the man who can deviſe new pleaſures, or open a freſh paſſage to profuſion and ruin, meets with a reward almoſt as great as if he had diſcovered the longitude. Such is the neglect of every thing that is ſerious and beneficial to mankind, that mental qualifications are made to give place to ſuperficial accompliſhments; and every grave and uſeful ſcience is ſo far ſuperceded by the arts of vanity and pleaſure, that man may toil on, in regular profeſſion, and ſtarve in the cauſe of religion or the good of his country, whilſt thoſe who invent or excel in ſuch arts as are prejudicial to both, may quickly riſe to opulence. In ſhort, the ſuperfluities of life are now become (in the ideas of modiſh men) its neceſſaries. They build themſelves houſes without living in them, frequent amuſements without enjoying them, beggar themſelves and families to appear rich, and make themſelves fools in the eyes of reaſon, that they may be thought to have taſte and diſcernment in the eyes of the world.

However, theſe modes of extravagance and diſſipation are but ſo many innocent abſurdities, when compared with other more deſperate purſuits. There is a vice of that gigantic magnitude, at whoſe ſight all other vices 'hide their diminiſhed heads,' which can at one ſtroke level to the ground dominion, wealth, and power, and (as it were by the force of magic) at an inſtant, ſhift the ſcene from the palace to the gaol: which conveys away property without the forms of law, ejects a man from his eſtate in the twinkling of an eye, and makes ſucceſſion ſo quick and ſudden, that one may truly ſay—

——— *Hæres*
Hæredem alterius velut unda ſupervenit undam.

HOR.*

There is a certain well known manſion, which it is ſincerely to be wiſhed was farther removed from the ſeat of Royalty, that it might not betray how feeble are the rays even of a Sovereign's good example before the very threſhold!—Here the arch fiend holds his horrid rites, and feaſteth continually on the deſtruction of its votaries.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

VIR.†

But it would be too bold an attempt to aim at the deſcription of its myſteries. Who can tell the various implements of ruin! With what colour can he paint the miniſters of Vengeance, glaring deſtruction at each other!—What imagery can ſpeak the deformity of nature whilſt every paſſion of ſoul is on the rack!—the trembling anxiety of hope—the chilling damp of fear, fluctuating between the deſperate alternative of impending affluence or beggary!—The wild and pitileſs exultation of the ſucceſsful, and the huge affliction and diſmay of the fallen!——ſome, like raging waves, foaming out their own ſhame in frantic oaths and execrations; others rivetted to earth in the deep ſilence of unutterable deſpair!—Behold that wretched victim creeping on homeward, reluctantly, to pour into the ears of his fond *wife* the bleeding tale of beggary and ruin! Mark how he ſtarts!—it is a thought that ſtings to madneſs!

Obſerve the cruel ſpoiler—flushed with the gain and the glory of conqueſt! Envy him not: the ſharp reflection that the miſery and ruin of others hath wrought his greatneſs, will ſoon daſh with confuſion the pride of victory, and level the conqueror with the vanquiſhed.

But I ſhall not purſue this faint ſhadow of a deſcription any farther, leſt the vain attempt ſhould only ſerve to leſſen the horror of theſe works of darkneſs, which dare defy the moſt poignant venom of ſatire, and reſiſt the authority and influence even of Royalty itſelf. It is ſufficient to ſay, that were this helliſh manſion, with all its various ſcenes of deſtruction and deſolation, ſuddenly diſcloſed to the view of any rational man, he would ſtand aghaſt; and being ſtruck with horror at ſo unnatural, ſo deformed a ſight, he might juſtly cry out (in the words which Milton makes Adam ſpeak to the Archangel Michael, whilſt in a viſion the future ſins and miſeries of humanity are preſented to him;)

O, what are theſe?—
Death's miniſters, not men: who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men; and multiply
Ten thouſand fold the ſin of him who ſlew
His brother; for of whom ſuch maſſacre
Make they, but of their brethren?—men of men!

——— * *Air wave o'er wave,*
Heir comes o'er Heir.
——— † *Night and Day the Gate*
Of Gloomy Dis *ſtand open.*

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

On leaving College.——Jan. 31, 1800.

YE walls, where peace and ſcience reign,
Ye guardians of my infant age,

Where yet unknown to care and pain,
With joy I turned the classic page.
Where white-robed innocence and truth,
In strictest harmony combined,
Await to guide each little youth,
And shed their influence o'er the dawning mind.
No more within thy happy bounds to stray,
Or join the little bands that form your care,
Who know no pain, no care beyond to day,
Who all the sweets of youth and virtue share.
I part reluctant from yon sacred shade,
Where late I mix'd amid the merry throng;
Or with the muse have fondly sought the glade;
Or mingled in the tale or merry song.
Yet tho' by cruel fate remov'd from all—
From all those scences so much beloved,
To join a world where nought appears,
But springs of future woes and tears.
Remembrance shall those scenes restore,
And fondly count each pleasure o'er;
And kindly lend her cheering power,
To soothe misfortune's gloomy hour.
And when, perhaps, by care oppress
From a censorious world I fly for rest;
Or, by pale melancholy led,
Beneath some waving willow lay my head,
I'll fondly trace with fancy's aid,
The spot where all our sports were made,
When in our gay—our infant years,
While strangers yet to pain and tears;
When toil had lent its turn to play,
The little train—forever gay,
With joy obey'd the pleasing call,
"And nimbly urged the flying ball."
Dear smiling scenes, forever dear;
Still present to my view,
Let sorrow nurse the cherished tear
That marks our last adieu.
And ah! farewell, each little friend,
May every joy be thine—
May happiness thy steps attend,
Tho' sorrow wait on mine.

A STUDENT.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The History of JACK MARTIN.

[*Continued from page* 120.]

MR. COLVIN,

BEFORE I proceed farther with the "History of *Jack Martin*," I think it necessary to mention that it is founded on fact; this being done, I go on to relate his manœuvres in Charleston, where in pursuance of natural inclination, he expected to accumulate a small fortune by his rogueries; this he was at first in a fair way of doing, from the associations he formed amongst the different gamblers, with whom, in a short time he became acquainted; and the genius of invention which he possessed in such an eminent degree, soon exalted him to the high honor of *President* of the "*Take-in Club*;" and so much was he esteemed by the fraternity, that nothing could be undertaken without the advice of *President Jack*. So long as our *little* hero continued to play this game among what he termed the "*flats*," the society flourished; but in an unlucky hour *Jack* and the whole *gang* happened to fall in with some *honest men*, who, being superior in number, and having detected them in a piracy upon their purses, first made them *refund*; taking pity on *Jack's* size, kicked him out of doors, and had the others confined in prison to answer for their misdemeanors. The old lady with whom they had lodged, hearing of their disasters, secured their trunks and effects, in order to indemnify herself for several months board due from each; so that our adventurer was now left pennyless. *Jack* murmured very much at this arbitrary procedure; swore it was despotic, and did not accord with the principles of a *republican* government—he was obliged, however, to be silent, for fear of detection and punishment.

Thus situated in the world, he again put his invention on the rack, to torture out some indolent mode of obtaining a livelihood. Too lazy to work, he betook himself to a bagnio, where, after an interview with the directress, he engaged himself as *whipper-in* to a junto of *honourable* females. They dressed him elegantly, and *Jack*, by associating with the rakes of the city, and enticing them home with him, amply repaid them. This is the only praiseworthy action in his life, for never before nor afterwards, did he give an equivalent for what he received.—There he learnt the techinal language of the *sisterhood*, which the more polished term "slang—" and this same language has been, and *is now*, of great service to him in abusing and blackguarding respectable persons.

(To be continued.)

Baltimore.

On Wednesday evening the students of Mr. Brown's Academy in this city, after a general examination in the different branches of learning, during which they answered the strict enquiries of their examiners, with a propriety and correctness that does equal honor to their own exertions and the attention of their teachers; assembled by permission of the Managers at the New Theatre, for the purpose of acting the admired tragedy of George Barnwell; to the play was represented Cato's Senate, in which Master Schroder as Cato, and Master Sears as Sempronius displayed a dignity and propriety of voice and action which pleased and surprised the audience.

The performance of the Students in the Tragedy exceeded the most sanguine expectations.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ADDRESS TO *LIBERTY.*

LIBERTY! what ſtruggles for thy reign were made,
When heavy burdens on our necks were laid!
When hoſtile bands of *Britons* hither came,
To make us ſlaves, to quench a noble flame:
And when the din of war gave loud alarm,
Did brave COLUMBIANS round their ſtandard ſwarm;
Then ſpread the hideous cry through ev'ry ſtate,
"*To arms! to arms! or elſe a wretched fate!*"
Soon were their numbers like a crowd of bees,
Their tumults then were like the troubled ſeas;
By country's wrongs all ages were inſpir'd,
The glorious cauſe their patriot boſoms fir'd;
See there old age all daſtard ideas ſpurn,
And there bold youth with indignation burn;
See then this valiant hoſt their foes defy,
Declare to Heav'n they will *live free or die*;
See *Putnam* leave the cultivating ſhare;
Magnanimouſly to the field repair;
And view far front immortal WASHINGTON,
Columbia's boaſt—Columbia's vet'ran ſon,
Whom matrons honor'd,* whom the world reverces,
For whom the world is now bedew'd in tears.

PHILOTHEORUS.

* The following ſonnata was ſung by a number of young girls, dreſſed in white, and deck'd with wreaths and chaplets of flowers, holding baſkets of flowers in their hands, as General *Waſhington* paſſed under the triumphal arch, raiſed on the Bridge at Trenton, April 21ſt, 1789.

WELCOME *mighty chief once more,*
Welcome to this grateful ſhore;
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow—
Aims again the fatal blow.

Virgins fair, and matrons grave,
Thoſe thy conquering arms did ſave
Build for thee triumphal bowers.
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers—
Strew your hero's way with flowers.

As they ſung the two laſt lines they ſtrewed the flowers before the GENERAL, who halted till the ſonnet was finiſhed.

STANZAS—*preſented to a Lady with a* NOSEGAY.

IN vain the zephyr's fragrant breath
Perfumes this variegated wreath,
And ſcatters ſweets around;
Their ſhort-liv'd beauties fleet away,
Their odours die, their tints decay,
And greet again the ground:

While the ſweets *thy* lips exhale,
More balmy than Arabia's gale,
Breathe forth a rich perfume;
Each opening grace, each virtue meek,
Smiles in the ſunſhine of thy cheek,
And ſpreads a *fadeleſs* bloom.

You court the beauties which expire,
While I the *graces* more admire,
Which ſtill muſt laſting prove:
No wonder, then, my fooliſh heart
With calm tranquility would part,
To whiſper that—I *love.*

A NAVAL RECRUITING SONG,

[WRITTEN IN NEW-YORK.]

Tune—"*All hands-a-hoy to the Anchor.*

NOW the *Preſident*'s ready for ſea boys,
O! ſhe's ſuch a tight little ſhip,
Tars, Lubbers, and Swabs, full of glee, boys,
All long to go in her a trip;
But the maſter, who knows what he's made of,
Says the captain begins to be nice,
And tho' he be never afraid of,
He'll ſend away ſwabs in a trice.

CHORUS.

With light hearts we'll ſail away, jolly Boys,
With the ſmiles of fair fortune we go,
The pirates ſhall think of their folly, Boys,
When they hear through the trumpet, YEA YO.

Yet we've room for a true hearted ſailor,
Who knows *what to do* in a ſhip,
When battle and fierce ſtorm aſſail her,
Who laughs when the anchor's atip;
Who never was known for a flincher,
While ſeamen were wanted on deck,
Who'd meet the ſtout foe, aye, and clinch her,
And fight till himſelf was a wreck.

CHORUS.

With a light heart he'll ſail away, jolly Boys,
In ſearch of good fortune we go,
And bang the proud foe for his folly, Boys,
Who comes within Yankey YEA YO.

Since Jacobins don't like to fight, Boys,
And ſtart at the muſical roar
Of the great guns in which we delight, Boys,
Why let the poor rogues ſtay on ſhore:
They ſay we may meet with a ſtout ſhip,
As tight and well mann'd as the laſt
To lead us a dance—then about ſhip,
And fight till there's never a maſt.

CHORUS.

Still fortune ſhall ſmile on us, jolly Boys,
You'll ſoon ſee who'll take her in tow;
We'll come back to Sall, Kate and Polly, Boys,
And cheer them with hearty, YEA YO.

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